By drunken propheſies libels and dreames,
To ſet my brother *Clarence* and the King,
In deadly hate the one againſt the other,
And if King *Edward* be as true and iuſt
As I am ſubtile, falſe and trecherous;
This day ſhould *Clarence* cloſely be mewd vp,
About a propheſie which ſayes that G.
Of *Edwards* heires the murtherer ſhall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my ſoule, *Enter Clarence with*
Heere *Clarence* comes, *a Guard of Men.*
Brother, good dayes, what meane this armed guard
That waits vpon your grace?
Cla. His Maieſty tendring my perſons ſafety, hath appointed
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.
Glo. Vpon what cauſe?
Cla. Becauſe my name is *George*,
Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He ſhould for that commit your god-fathers:
O belike his Maieſty hath ſome intent
That you ſhall be new chriſtned in the Tower;
But what is the matter *Clarence*, may I know?
Cla. Yea *Richard* when I doe know, for I proteſt
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after propheſies, and dreames,
And from the croſſe-row pluckes the letter G,
And ſayes a wizard told him that by G,
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be,
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he:
Theſe as I learne and ſuch like toyes as theſe,
Haue moued his highneſſe to commit me now.
Glo. Why this it is when men are ruld by women,
Tis not the King that ſends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence* tis ſhe
That tempts him to this extreamity,
Was it not ſhe and that good man of worſhip
Anthony Wooduile her brother there,
That made him ſend L. *Haſtings* to the Tower,
From whence this preſent day he is deliuered?
We are not ſafe *Clarence*, we are not ſafe. *Cla.*

Cla. By Heauen I think
But the Queenes kindred
That truge betweene the K
Heard you not what an
Lord *Haſtings* was to her
Glo. Humbly complay
Got my Lord Chamberlai
Ile tell you what, I thin
If we will keepe in fauour
To be her men and weare
The iealous ore-worne wi
Since that our brother du
Are mighty goſſips in this
Bro. I beſeech your grac
His Maieſty hath ſtraight
That no man ſhall haue
Of what degree ſoeuer w
Glo. Euen ſo and plea
You may pertake of any
We ſpeake no treaſon m
Is wiſe and vertuous and
Well ſtroke in yeares, fair
We ſay that *Shores* Wife
A chery lip a bonny eye
And that the Queenes kin
How ſay you ſir, can you
Bro. VVith this (my Lo
Glo. Nought to do wit
He that doth nought wi
VVere beſt to do it ſec
Bro. VVhat one my
Glo. Her husband kna
Bro. I beſeech your G
Your conference with th
Cla. We know thy ch
Glo. We are the Quee
Brother farewell I will v
And whatſoeuer you will
VVere it to call King *Ed*

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